The Cathedral of Consciousness; The Liminal Dimension of Dreams and Meditative Thinking

Like that of a light house, the mind begins to wake up as you fall asleep.

Through a repurposing of the Point Vicente Lighthouse, now fossilized within the cliff it stood on, this space of meditation intends to continue guiding the lost and weary traveler. In an atmosphere that augments our perception of reality, the phantasmagoric dreams of the subconscious mind can no longer be considered secondary to the impressions received while one is awake. Here, dreams and waking reality are explored as two pieces of our existential whole, beckoning to be experienced and understood simultaneously. By utilizing meditation while moving through the recombination of fragments that make up the building, the intention is to invite a poetic inhabitation that activates the life of the imagination to ultimately explore fiction and reality, opposed to experiencing fiction versus reality.

In seas far north, day after day
We leaned upon the rail, engrossed
In frolic fin and jewel spray
And crystal headlands of the coast.

That flashed one instant, white and whist,
A grace too exquisite to keep,
A picture springing from the mist
As a dream comes shining out of sleep.

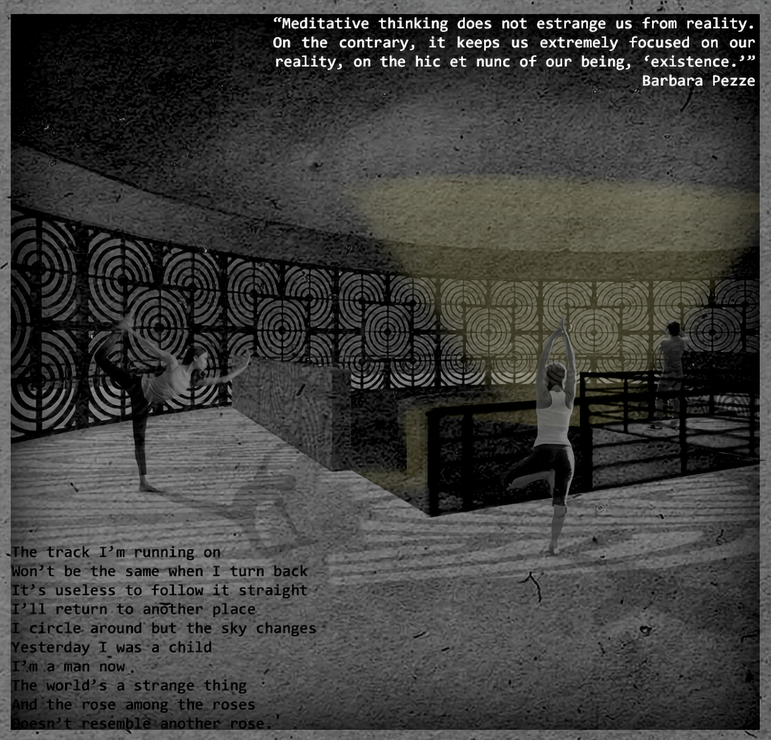
Those beauties held so long in gaze
Have melted from my mind like snow,
But still I see through rifted haze
The wizard tower and portico

I do not know what name he wrote,
Our captain, in his good ship's log,
For that sea-wraith, —how men denote
Our fleeting phantom of the fog;

But yet across the world I thrill
With rapture of that ivory gleam,
That sudden shaft of glory, till
It wears the wonder of a dream.

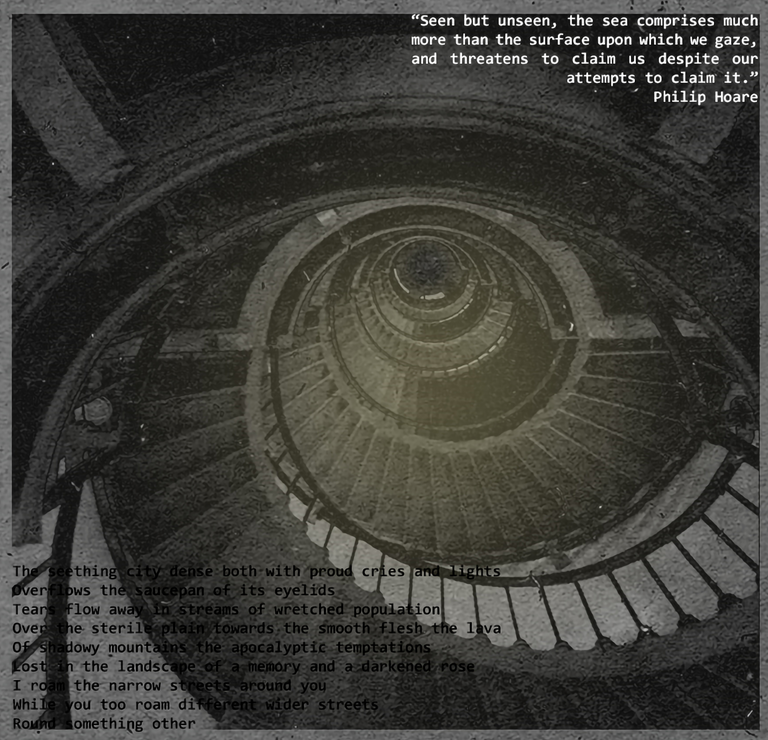
Remember
To fly midway, for if you dip too low
The waves will weight your wings with thick saltwater,
And if you fly too high the flames of heaven
Will burn them from your sides. Then take your flight
Between the two

“Meditative thinking does not estrange us from reality. On the contrary, it keeps us extremely focused on our reality, on the hic et nunc of our being, ‘existence.’”
Barbara Pezze



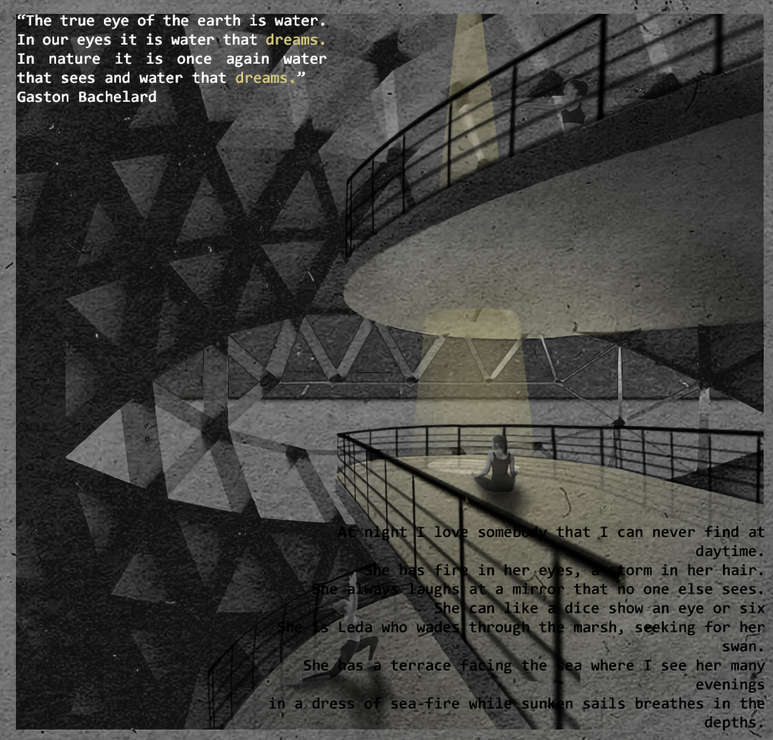
The track I’m running on
Won’t be the same when I turn back
It’s useless to follow it straight
I’ll return to another place
I circle around but the sky changes
Yesterday I was a child
I’m a man now.
The world’s a strange thing
And the rose among the roses
Doesn’t resemble another rose.

“Seen but unseen, the sea comprises much more than the surface upon which we gaze, and threatens to claim us despite our attempts to claim it.”
Philip Hoare



The seething city dense both with proud cries and lights
Overflows the saucepan of its eyelids
Tears flow away in streams of wretched population
Over the sterile plain towards the smooth flesh the lava
Of shadowy mountains the apocalyptic temptations
Lost in the landscape of a memory and a darkened rose
I roam the narrow streets around you
While you too roam different wider streets
Round something other

“The true eye of the earth is water. In our eyes it is water that dreams. In nature it is once again water that sees and water that dreams.”
Gaston Bachelard



At night I love somebody that I can never find at daytime.
She has fire in her eyes, a storm in her hair.
She always laughs at a mirror that no one else sees.
She can like a dice show an eye or six
She is Leda who wades through the marsh, seeking for her swan.
She has a terrace facing the sea where I see her many evenings
in a dress of sea-fire while sunken sails breathes in the depths.

“There is for instance, no reason why dreams should be considered less real than impressions received while one is awake.”
Henri Frankfort

All is abolished but the mute Alone,
The mind from thought released, the heart from grief,
Grow inexistent now beyond belief;
There is no I, no Nature, known-unknown,
The city, a shadow picture without tone,
Floats, quivers unreal, forms without relief
Flow, a cinema’s vacant shapes; like a reef
Foundering in shoreless gulfs the world is done.

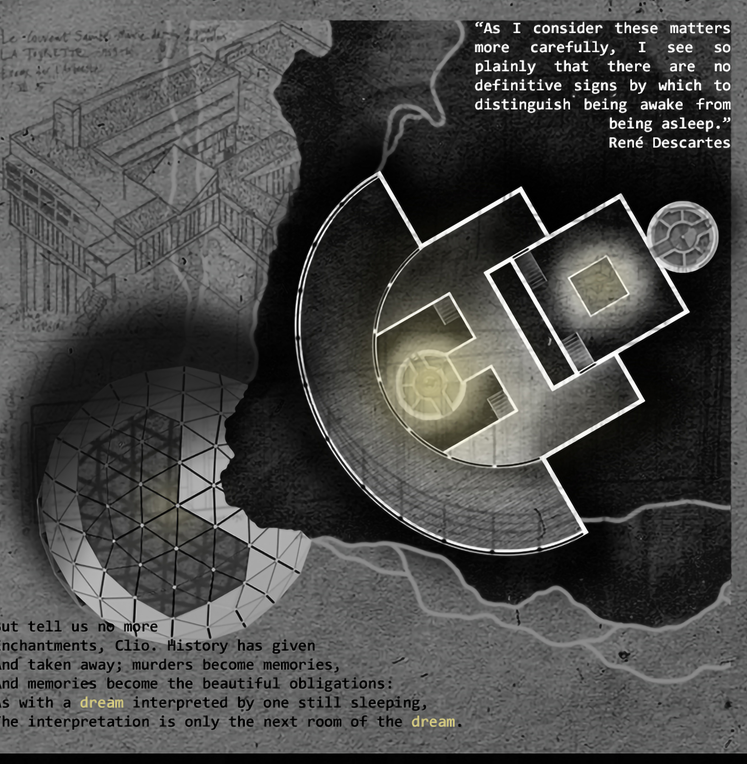
I remember all my houses.
I relive all my homes.
I conjure, cottage conscious,
my dreamscape flickering poems.

Deep somnambulism now carries me to the house of mirrors.
Here, I behold my container, my proprium from every angle.
Curved and twisted glass reflects my contorted terrors.
While smooth, flat surfaces repeat my animus anima tangle.

After all these trials, I accept my multiform essence.
Accumulated psychic scrap, I reimage it in every dream
This doctrine reveals we are never a single presence.
We impart mental habitats, our revised collections stream
endless stream.

“Whether waking or sleeping, the subjects is always more or less in relation to the world, never absolutely present or absent.”
James Morley

“As I consider these matters more carefully, I see so plainly that there are no definitive signs by which to distinguish being awake from being asleep.”
René Descartes



But tell us no more
Enchantments, Clio. History has given
And taken away; murders become memories,
And memories become the beautiful obligations:
As with a dream interpreted by one still sleeping,
The interpretation is only the next room of the dream.